



Me?



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Chapter 1 by Roy Vargas

*Sigh..... My father always use to tell me that the men in the family were cursed with the drink. Growing up I never thought much of it, but now....now it seems as I can only get through the day with a bottle of whiskey in my belly. Blurred vision and a slurred tongue is all but normal to me, most days you can find me at Jimmy's Pub or slumped over my kitchen table with a drink in my hand, I've perfected the fine art that is keeping my drink in my hand whilst asleep.

I was always one of those silent depressed drunks, the ones you would see at the bar sitting alone staring at an empty glass wondering what happened. Where did I go wrong in my life to lead me to this very moment, Could I have avoided all of this ? Usually another drink helps silence the voices of regret inside my head. It takes about 8 jack and cokes to get them to shut the fuck up for the night..... It's a routine I've come to accept.

My life use to be normal, I use to be full of hope with my head in the clouds. A business major with lots of friends and a girl who actually loved me, I still think about her all the time. How my life would of been had I not fucked everything up, but you know me.... Oh wait you don't, well let me introduce myself. My name is Alex Vega and I've killed a lot of people....

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